



MERCURY and the STATUARY.

MERCURY one morning, as 'tis said,
Would this our earthly mansion tread,
To know how lov'd, and in what light,
His worship stood in mortals fight,
And to a statuary's flew,
Where not a soul his worship knew.
There stood the mighty Thund'rer's form,
So carv'd, it seem'd with vigour warm.

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The price he asks,—a trivial sum;
(How cheap, thought he, my fire's become!)
Juno stood next, an image fair,
In flowing robe, with heav'nly air;
On her a handsome price was fixt.
Jove's messenger himself stood next,
The God of trade, of arts and wealth,
As well as tricking, fraud and stealth,
Thought that his worth, of course was high,
He ask'd:— 'If you'll resolve to buy
' The other two, the man reply'd,
' I'll throw this blockhead in beside.

MORAL.

The world will ever those despise,
Who peerless seem in their own eyes.